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DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

M^R. DEMOGOGUE,

AND

A Sober CITIZEN.

DUBLIN:

Printed for JOHN BUTREE, near the Barracks
MDCCLXV.

Price One Penny.

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DIALOGUE.

Citizen. **P**RAY, Mr. *Demagogue*, what has given Occasion to the dreadful Alarms, with which you are endeavouring to terrify all the good People of this City.

Demagogue. Why, Sir, Sir — have you not seen my Paper? — here, here is one of them for you. — (*offers him one.*)

Cit. Sir, I have seen a printed Paper, which demonstrates to me that you are all in the Wrong.

Dem. Gods! can I bear this! — ay, ay — now I smell you out, you are a Cousin to the Grand Nephew of an Alderman!

Cit. Upon my Word, Mr. *Demagogue*, you are much mistaken; for I do not know, that I have the smallest Connection with any Alderman upon Earth — but, if I had, I do not see, why such a Circumstance should deprive me of all the Faculties of a Man, and the Means of judging of publick Utility.

Dem. Then you set up for a Man of Reason, forsooth! and yet disapprove of my Writings! — Zouns! why do I spend my Breath with such a Creature: — a Scoundrel Dependant, on the Porter, or Valet, of some great Man! — I'll be damn'd else!

Cit. Mad! by this Light! — and — shall I be frightened when a mad Man stares? — hear me, — for you shall hear me, and, now, Mr. *Demagogue*, know, that I depend on no Man. I allow no In-

fallibility to enter into my Politicks—I am a good Protestant; and flatter myself, I can discern Truth as clearly as you——my Desire is to talk coolly with you——Inflammatory Declamations won't pass on me, however you may have found them answer upon a Class of People, who take every Thing upon Trust; and therefore if your fiery Genius is capable of subsiding into Moderation for a Moment, I will give you a patient Hearing——and engage, in the most solemn Manner, that Reason, and nothing but Reason shall govern my Judgment; for I have no Expectations from Power——I care not a Fig for the greatest Man on Earth that is a Disgrace to his Station, and will ever act that Part which becomes a Member of a free Society.

Dem. Say you so, old *Truepenny*?——give me your Hand——and if you are a Man of Reason, Reason then shall convince you; and, now to the Point——you know then, that a Bill hath passed for preventing the Exportation of Corn for a limited Time——and in the Bill transmitted to G—B—n (as it went from the C—s) a Power was given to the Chief G—r and P—y Court of this Kingdom to suspend the said Law, according to the Expediency of the Times, and the Circumstances of the Nation; but instead of the Power given to our C—f G—r and C—l here, it was changed in *England* to the K—g in Council: By which it is plain we have made the P—y C—l in G—t B—n for so much the Executive of *Ireland*; which may be construed hereafter in such a manner as to overturn our whole Legislature——and now, Sir, as you boast yourself a Man of Reason, you will, I presume, own yourself convinced——that this fatal! fatal Bill may be our Ruin——our Ruin, I say——the utter Overthrow of all our Rights;

Rights, Liberties, and every Thing, that ought to be dear to us.

Cit. Now, Mr. *Demagogue*, as I have given you a patient Hearing, I hope you will admit me to the like Priviledge.

Dem. I will try to be patient — but be short, lest my patriot Blood should burst my Veins, before you have finished.

Cit. In the first Place, then, I suppose you will allow the King to be the Executive of *Ireland*.

Dem. I grant it; and had the Power been given only to the K—g I should have been satisfied.

Cit. Then we are agreed, if I can shew you, that the Power (as our Constitution stands) is given only to the K—g: for by our Laws, the King can do no Wrong — that you will admit, I hope.

Dem. Why — yes — I do — admit it.

Cit. And therefore, by our Laws, if any Wrong Thing happens to be done, it must fall on his Min—s and Advisers; and hence it is — that the K—g, by the Wisdom of our Constitution, always acts in Council; and it will follow therefore, that a Power given to the K—g, or to the K—g in Council, are synonymous Terms — indeed, had the Power been given to the King and Council, I profess, I should not have liked it; but, as it stands, it gives the C—l in *England* no Power: for the Act by our Laws is the King's Act, and not the Act of the Council; and therefore no possible constitutional Objection can be made to it.

Dem. The Devil! — the Devil! — surely Men of the first Abilities in the Kingdom think otherwise.

Cit. I tell you, lay aside your Passions and rely on your own Judgment for the future, — you have a good Heart, I verily believe: but your Zeal is often without Knowledge. But to proceed on our Subject — and let us see, how Matters would stand,

stand, if this Law had never passed — and that his Maj—y had laid an Embargo (which by his Prerogative he has a Right to do) and which is a Thing never done, but by the K—g in Council — you would call that a Prerogative Embargo. — Would you not?

Dem. I should — but we have always complained of such — and in *England*, we seldom see any Embargoes, but Parliamentary ones, or by an Address from the H—e of C—s.

Cit. True — and yet when the K—g consents to take a Power under an Act of our P—t (which he had before by his Prerogative) and which is a Waiver of his own Power, and therefore a Concession in our Favour, you, it seems, construe this into a Grievance.

Dem. I do — because, I believe, there is a Snake lying in the Grass.

Cit. Then it is plain, you had rather be governed by Prerogative than by an Act of Parliament — besides, I am not sure that this is not the first Instance in this Country of a parliamentary Embargo: but be that as it may, it is certainly a Precedent that strengthens our Constitution, as the K—g might have shut up our Ports by his Prerogative — and yet has condescended to let them be shut up by an Act of our Parl—t.

Dem. I really begin to think, I have made a Bustle about nothing — (*aside.*)

Cit. Now, Sir, let us suppose, this Law had been rejected — what must his M—y have thought of our Conduct: — that a Power we were willing to give his Substitute, we judged not safe to trust with our Sovereign. — Indeed, Sir, it would have been the highest Indignity, we could have thrown upon the Crown — would it not?

Dem. Sir — your humble Servant. — (*going.*)

Cit.

Cit. Hold.—I beg you will indulge me for a few Minutes longer——because I really Esteem you.

I see clearly, that your Passion for unlimited Freedom and national Independancy, without considering our Circumstances, Situation, and inseparable Connections, (as inalienably linked to *England*) drive you into Indiscretions, that may in the End prove your own R—n, and must always hurt the Cause you wish to promote.

Let us not act, like a peevish Child: refuse to Eat his Bread and Butter in good Humour, but stamps, and roars, because Nurse will not daub it all over with Honey, and stick it with Comfits.

Let us know how to distinguish a *Seymour* from other Persons we have seen amongst us.

Let us make a proper Use of our Constitution, such as it is—for surely it is a good one—tho' that of *Great B—n*, is a better.

See, if our Laws are held in proper Respect, and honourably and faithfully executed.

Investigate the true Causes of all Disorders in our Domestic Œconomy.

For we may lay it down as a certain Maxim, that the Man, who takes no Care of his own House, will never regulate well his Affairs abroad.

Some thing is certainly rotten in our State.—Let us probe the Sore to the Bottom.—Let not Law be intercepted by Faction, nor Justice by Oppression.

Gentlemen have Scope enough to exercise their patriotic Virtues, without entring into Measures impracticable to do any Service to the Country.

Dem. Why, Sir, this all fine talking!—but I must remind you that at this Rate, you may as well sew up a Patriot's Mouth at once—for who the Devil dare speak freely of Dom—k Affairs?—was not I myself a Martyr some Years ago to
your

your Doctrine? and so, Faith, I believe, I shall let them alone; — though I own, I often itch to be at them — for most certainly it is a noble Field for a true Patriot to enter upon.

So, Sir, for the present, good by to you — good by to you. ——— (*going.*)

Cit. If this be Truth — it is indeed a most melancholy Picture of the Country.

Dem. Melancholy enough, indeed Sir — but I must be gone, for I am in a hurry. ——— (*going.*)

Cit. Hold — dear Sir — I ever looked upon you as a Man of Integrity — I voted for you on that Conviction — and I now appeal to your own candid Heart for an Acknowledgment that this Clamour hath been raised without the least just Foundation.

Dem. Why — Damn it, Sir! ——— What would you have a Man do? I can't recall my own Writings — *Littera Scripta manet* — If it were not for that, something might be done ——— but however, for the future, I will not publish in such a Hurry — that is all I can do — and so, good by to you. ——— (*Exit in a Hurry.*)

The E N D.